



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

## IN A FRUIT-MEADOW.

soms below. There is no shade more delicious than that of the orchard in July. Scorching as the heat may be outside, here there are cool airs wandering fitfully through the colonnaded aisles. Then, in autumn, comes the many-colored glory of the apple-harvest, the wide branches bent to the ground with their burden of red, yellow, green, and mottled spheres. Ladders lean amid the trees, and merry young voices

laugh from the top-most branches. The picking is a festival for the boys and girls; and summer visitors, lingering for its sake, plunge into the work with enthusiasm. The city-maiden learns to climb trees and tear her frocks. She shouts and whistles among the branches, and goes home ruddy, brown-fingered, and wholesome-hearted from the carnival of the apple-picking.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

